# Nocturne

## The Roches

You ask me why
We cannot make love
I have been ransacking you
For the answerSide by side we lay
Not touching
Listening to rain falling
In the darknessWhere desire writhed
There stands a stone
The change was sudden and completeA serious question
We have turned out to ask
We have sought each other secretly
Strong has been the urgeTo lie naked facing fearQuietly and quickly
Our sentences blaze trails upon the night
We are mates on a doubtful voyageSpeaking sanely now
Allotting no lovers advantageMy room is anxious to expel him
He hurries to be free of my feelingsWe wear our words
Until he finally dresses
Looking for his shoes
He is a shadow in my doorway

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